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No. 18.

Michaelmas Term, 1923.



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The Academite.

A Magazine issued each Term by Students of the
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

No. 18. ONE SHILLING.

Michaelmas Term, 1923.

Editor :
ELSIE BETTS.

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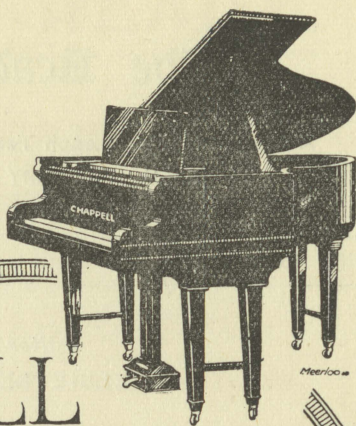
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Contributions, clearly written on only one side of the paper, are invited from all students, ex-students and others connected with the R.A.M. Back Numbers are obtainable from the Editor

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The Academite.

Editorial.

As is usual at the end of the Academic year, quite a number of students have left us, and many well-known faces are missing this term. The R.A.M. seems a strange place without Gladys and Russell Chester, who leave a big gap behind them. In Gladys we lose the leader of our Orchestra and in Russell the untiring Editor of this Journal and Hon. Secretary of Branch "B." One feels that this issue of THE ACADEMITE would be incomplete without a word of appreciation of the tireless energy and enthusiasm with which they have for so long taken the lead in all matters connected with the social life at the R.A.M. In spite of their many musical activities they always managed to find time to perform the many little tasks involved in organising the social events of Branch "B," and have succeeded in keeping THE ACADEMITE alive, so some of us will now have to make a big effort to keep the ball rolling and carry on as best we can.

Others who are now numbered among the gallant band of ex-students are Désirée MacEwan, Denise Lassimonne, Garda Hall, Dorothy Pattinson, Roma Ferguson, Cecil Caldicott, Barbara Frost, Phyllis Sowerby Coo, Betty Impey, Roy Russell, Reginald Paul, Arthur Temple and Morgan Lloyd. We still catch sight of some of them occasionally at the R.A.M., and to one and all we wish the best of luck, with the assurance that their friends and fellow-students at the R.A.M. will follow their careers with the greatest interest.

Branch C.

A most enjoyable Social Meeting was held at the R.A.M. on Monday, July 9th, when upwards of 300 people were present.

The proceedings opened with an entertainment in the Duke's Hall the "stars" being Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar, who gave their now famous musical turn, including such favourites as "Runnin' Wild," "I Ain't Nobody's Darling," "Percy's Posh Plus Fours," and "Who Tied the Can on the Old Dog's Tail?" which were greeted with much delight, and demands for more, by the audience.

The remainder of the programme consisted of Gertrude Jennings's playlet, "Five Birds in a Cage," excellently acted by Dorothy Pattinson, Barbara Pett Fraser, H. Foden Pattinson, Denis Eilan and Peter Sharkland, in spite of a slight accident to the property lamp, which caught fire and insisted on burning itself out.

Others who had been announced to appear were Muriel George and Ernest Butcher, and Etty Landau, but, unfortunately, at the last moment circumstances prevented them from being present.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie expressed the thanks of the audience to those responsible for the entertainment, and especially to the Misses Blaney and Farrar, who had been kind enough to come there and give a most generous contribution to the programme. He said that most of them would remember the former in a somewhat different rôle, when she was a student in the Academy, but no doubt the excellent training she had received while there was responsible for the success she had attained since leaving them! Miss Gwen Farrar was known to them as a 'cello pupil of Mr. Herbert Wallena, who had no doubt taught her those grimaces and contortions for which she had become famed. (Laughter.) The two ladies were sorry to have to rush away, but he understood that they were appearing in that thrilling drama, entitled "Rats," all of which reflected great credit on that institution! (Laughter and applause.)

An adjournment was then made to the refreshment room, followed by dancing in the Duke's Hall.

The Ear-Spoiling Class.

By HARRY FARJEON.

(Extract from the *Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 20, 1922.)



UBLIC attention having been directed by a previous article in these columns to the R.A.M. Ear-Spoiling Classes, we have found ourselves besieged by applicants desirous of knowing the workings of a system which has produced such excellent results.

"Despite my efforts," to quote Amateur, "I can still distinguish one note from another: a fruitful source of embarrassment in listening to the compositions of the present day."

"Nothing will convince me," writes Anarchist, "that consecutive thirds and sixths are inadmissible, but I am ready to consider the theories of the Academic Ear-Spoiling Pedants."

These cases are probably outside hope, but to the thousands trembling on the verge we may utter this message of cheer, the considered judgment of the renowned R.A.M. professors, Dr. Thygh and Mr. Write: "Nature has given to man few musical perceptions that education cannot entirely eradicate."

We proceed in the style beloved by our readers, for though we admit that interviewers' jargon is a method of speech that has never yet been employed by human being, it is equally true that nobody really talks in the oracular manner above exemplified.

"The Ear-Spoiling Class?" said Mr. Write, motioning me towards a chair with one hand and a decanter with the other. "Oh yes! Certainly! Anything you like to know. Not bad whisky, that: a present from Schlummenbad; has to confuse himself a bit before he can write: not a real musician. Some of us don't need it," and Mr. Write smiled genially. I murmured a twin appreciation of the whisky and of the fact that my *vis-a-vis* possesses the most naturally confused ear in Europe.

"Well, well. That's my luck; combined with hard work, I will admit. My hobby? Well, for real relaxation give me—."

"It isn't for Who's Who *this* time, Mr. Write," I ventured to interpose. "I come as musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*."

"Ah, yes. The Classes—very well. As it happens, though, these classes *are* my hobby. Yes, yes. Work, work. Don't you think so? However . . ." The eminent specialist settled himself in his favourite expository attitude and began in earnest.

"The first test is extremely simple. The new pupils are marshalled in the concert hall, where they are regaled with 99 well-known orchestral pieces, performed simultaneously. The object is to discover whether the student has an ear sharp enough to unravel the tangled skein. We then proceed to a test of 98 items, and so on, gradually lessening to 1, which final example is itself whittled down, in the number of its parts, till we reach that utter abomination, the single melodic line played both in time and in tune. (You shudder! Well you may!) A good ear will begin to detect successfully at about 90, and at 80 will probably name three items correctly. Such go into the lowest class. Really promising beginners show no glimmer of intelligence till the final item is played alone in 4 or 5 parts; and of course you remember the historic case of *Jemima Jubbins*. On hearing "God Save the President," on a single violin, she declared that it was Bach's Choral Symphony arranged for triangles and contraltos. As a slight tribute she was elected Principal on the spot.

"Now let me explain to you our system of Musical Mistaketon, which, in varied degree of difficulty, prevails in all our classes. On the Multiplexionola (or multi-keyboard pianoforte) we play an exercise in minus-three parts. That is to say, we produce all the possible demi-semi-quartertines in the fifteen octaves, omitting only in each chord the three which go to form the composition. Do you imagine that the student is required to write these omitted parts? No, indeed: that would require precisely the kind of ear we are up against. The pupil has to write neither what is nor what is not played: he must show himself sufficiently detached from all perception to be entirely irrelevant. What he hears must have no effect upon him, one way or the other. Is one a slave, to be at the beck and call of another's emotion?"

"In the higher classes we teach Chanceposition (the addition, at sight, of wrong notes to an established masterpiece) and the Disintegration of a Given Theme. But it is in the department of New-Rhythmics that we meet our greatest difficulties. The instinct for rhythm seems to be in people's blood somehow. Do you know that all babies are born breathing in pentameters? That will show you! Now, have you noticed the jerky way in which I breathe—each nostril distinct and with no inter-relationship whatever?"

I hazarded that I had set down the ratio as 95 to 72, the 72 slightly rubato.

"Bravo! Splendidly wrong!" cried Mr. Write. "But, indeed, had you hit the mark you would have found yourself worthy of nothing in our profession, except perhaps musical criticism. All the chaps with hopelessly good ears become critics nowadays: there is nothing else

for them to do. What, you're not going? There's another bottle. . . . I say, old man, I hope I haven't hurt you in any way?"

As my host ushered me to the door, he vouchsafed me his opinion on the Mechanical Aids to composition which have from time to time appeared, and particularised the recent elbow-jog.

"Avoid it!" was his advice. "True, Mnlemllovitch has obtained some marvellous cacophony through its use, but I should say he has been lucky. It may jog the writing arm so that super-discords will be penned, but on the other hand, who knows? No, no: best be on the safe side. We don't recommend it at the Academy."

And the Academy is right. It is poor policy to depend on chance. Chance is not sufficiently hap-hazard for modern art.

What we Want to Know.

Whether the "Three Free Fugues" were composed while fox-trotting at the R.C.M. Sports Social?

* * * *

Who were the "two Professors from the Royal Academy of Music" referred to by Mr. Percy Scholes in his "wireless talk," as having laughed most rudely at the "cowbell interlude" in the Alpine Symphony?

* * * *

How many 10s. notes have been deposited with the Library Authorities since the new regulation came into force?

* * * *

Whether Hallett doesn't know more about elements than a good many of our singers?

* * * *

Whether the charming lady will write an article for our next issue on "How to Make Recital-giving Pay"?

* * * *

When Green is going to be up-to-date and publish his reminiscences, and whether he will consider their preliminary appearance in serial form in this journal?

* * * *

Who are the living embodiment of the phrase "old soldiers never die, they simply fade away."

* * * *

Who looks forward to the week-ends, and why?

* * * *

Who is far too superior to applaud "Academites" performing at outside functions?

* * * *

Who was asked to play "a little louder"?

* * * *

Who has rather an exalted idea of his fascination for the opposite sex?

* * * *

Who is going to "toss up" as to whether she marries her devoted admirer or not?

* * * *

Who wonders why it is that less attractive girls marry, yet she hasn't had a chance?

* * * *

Whether she realises the reason?

Our "Academite" Competition.

A prize will be awarded for the best original literary composition (short story, article or poem) sent in to the Editor by February 1st. Mr. Corder and Mr. Farjeon have kindly consented to act as adjudicators. The result of the competition will be announced on or about February 15th. A pen-name should be used, and each composition should be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the author.

The prize will take the form of two tickets for any performance of the B.N.O.C. at Covent Garden during their coming season, at least a week's notice being given of the performance it is desired to attend.

South African Impressions.



SOUTH AFRICA—the land which holds all my memories of childhood, home and friends, and so for me "God's own country." Your Editor has asked me to write for you a few impressions of my visit there this year, after four years of study in London. "Just a short paragraph, you know." Paragraph! I could fill a book, but I won't—I'm too considerate! I shall try to keep within paragraphic bounds.

Impressions—they come tumbling out of my memory book in such a crowd that I don't know which to choose. That first one—the sunset on the second evening in the train, speeding homeward from the Cape. We were in the middle of that limitless desert of fascination, of straggling bush and barren stone kopjes, the Karoo. Suddenly the train stopped, we crowded out to the open gangways and for minutes stood spell bound in utter silence, literally bathed in colour. Round and round, up and up, the sky was one huge dome of brilliance, not a break in the whole circle of the horizon—rose, green, blue, purple, orange, scarlet. The indescribable blending, the softness; the veldt black, with the blacker silhouette of the scraggy bushes steeped in purple haze, the deep stillness intensified by the fitful chirping of a little nesting bird. How can I help telling you of that?

There is that other picture, too, when we were driving down to a concert in a mining camp in the low country. A high ridge of black mountains faced us across the valley and just above in the clearness of the late evening sky were two soft fluffy clouds, one rosy pink with a forgotten ray of the sunset, the other shining silver, sheltering a first star and the crescent moon.

It was there, too, that we drove at midnight over the mountains from Pilgrim's Rest, through miles and miles of veldt fire running in straight lines of short flame through the darkness, driven lightly and surely by a soft, steady wind. We danced there, too, on a wide plank verandah closed in with tarpaulin. The houses are wood and iron shanties, easily transported from digging to digging. but from the toilettes of the women it was difficult to realise that we were not on one of the most fashionable floors in London,

Then there was the terrific thunderstorm we ran into on the way back from Pretoria. Oh, it was fierce! Flash after blinding flash of lightning, angry growls and rumbles of thunder punctuated with ear-splitting cracks, and the rain coming down so hard that it struck the ground and jumped half-way up to the clouds again before returning to drench us a second time!!!

And how on that sixty mile drive from Ermelo to Standerton we stopped to examine a strange phenomenon of nature. In the middle of a field of tall grass there are two small barren patches, the exact footmarks of a farmer who was killed by lightning on that spot fifty years ago—nothing has grown upon them since.

Then I could tell you of concert halls of all sorts, shapes and sizes—of pianos—(no, perhaps I'd better not!), of dreary journeys in "goods" trains, of waits and changes at unearthly hours of the night and morning. Of the kindness of the people, of the wonderful joy of being at home again, of the enormous excitement at a certain race meeting when I—but that's not Academic news—(anyway, I didn't lose!).

Of—of—but I somehow feel that these aren't the impressions I am supposed to tell you. What your Editor really wants to know is this: I visited 29 towns in the Union, giving altogether 32 concerts "on my own." I sang besides on 22 occasions for various charities, and there were a number of ordinary engagements, making a total of 70 concerts in five months. My Daddy and I managed the tour concerts ourselves; perhaps some of you will realise just what that word "managed" signifies—but if you please, dear Editor, work is not "an impression"!

ISOBEL McLAREN.

The Dream Goblins.

Whene'er a child has wicked been,
 Or eaten too much pie,
 Why, then it is the Goblins come
 And to his bed draw nigh.
 They grin and chatter frightfully,
 With eyeballs rolling wild,
 While all the time sharp pins they stick
 In the unhappy child.
 They dart at him with fiery breath
 And fiery eyes and ears,
 They pull his hair and pinch his toes,
 With ugly ghastly leers.
 And when the sun with shining rays
 Is creeping up the sky,
 With one last pinch and grin, they leave
 Their victim there to cry.
 If children very good would be,
 And not eat *too* much pie,
 For want of sinners to torment,
 The Goblins soon would die.

UNA GWYNNE.

More "Howlers."

(SELECTED FROM MRS. CURWEN'S "PSYCHOLOGY" AND OTHER SOURCES.)

" 'Harmony' is the melody produced when music is played, sung or hummed."

* * * *

"J. S. Bach was more or less religious in feeling; Mozart, on the other hand, was a genius."

* * * *

"Mozart commenced his writing by three distinct bars and then proceeded in a manner like a deep male singer in a wood."

* * * *

"Play a sonata of Beethoven by the side of Mozart's and see the vast difference; it is like placing a dark-haired girl beside a fair-haired girl."

* * * *

"Beethoven was irritable and therefore we find that in all his music it was tainted with a certain amount of solemn beauty."

* * * *

"Beethoven's 'Moonlight' Sonata, which was practically his last composition, is not understood if you try to picture moonlight scenes. but if one thinks of something totally different, it is greatly appreciated."

* * * *

"Beethoven's works begin easy and then start with perhaps a black page of demi-semi-quavers and even semi-demi-quavers, which is both bad to play and difficult to get the piece in the right time."

* * * *

"Palestrina's music is very monotonous and holy; when listened to it makes a man soar above all the evil and black spots in his nature."

* * * *

"Wagner commenced to write dramas, but he soon found that they were nothing without the music, so he bought a harmony book and wrote the music."

* * * *

"Bach's smooth-tempered preludes and fugues were written in French first and then translated into English afterwards."

* * * *

"Bach's preludes and fugues are clever work, and if one wants clever work, they might suit, but music that sounds well is preferred."

* * * *

"Beethoven was not very great at religious composition, but he harmonized the Messiah, introducing into it a few new melodies."

* * * *

"Purcell was the only English composer there ever was."

* * * *

"Composers such as Handel and Bach knew next to nothing about chords and keys."

* * * *

"Mozart wrote most of his compositions in the train."

* * * *

"Handel borrowed some few traits from Chopin, the first great violinist."

From Here and There.

A Highland piper, having a pupil, disdained to rack his brain with the names of semibreves, minims, crochets, and quavers.

"Here, Donald," he said, "tak' your pipes and gie us a blast. . . . Verra weel blawn indeed! But what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You might blaw for ever without makin' a tune o't, if I didna tell you how the queer things on the paper help you.

"You see that big fellow wi' a round, open face"—pointing to a semibreve. "He moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fist and gie a long blast. If now ye put a leg to him, ye mak' two o' him, and he'll move twice as fast. If ye black his face he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face.

"But if, after blacking his face, ye bend his knee or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, whenever you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

—From "The Musical Mirror."

* * * *

A married man was not feeling very well, and his wife suggested that he should consult the doctor. When he returned, she asked how he had got on.

"Not very well," was his reply. "The doctor tells me I've got a syncopated heart."

"Oh, that's terrible," she cried, "that sounds dreadful! Let's see what it means in the dictionary."

So she looked it up and said: "Oh, aye, John, the doctor's diagnosed you right enough. 'Syncopated—moving quickly from one bar to another.'"

—From "The Radio Times."

(Query: Would this definition of "Syncopation" be accepted in an Elements Exam.?)

* * * *

The Mind of the Child.

A little girl had been taught the meaning of the sign for a pause, and when she came to her next lesson her teacher said, "Do you remember what this sign  is called?" "Yes," she said, "A purr." "No," the teacher said, "it's a pause." "Oh," said the child, "I knew it had something to do with a pussy!"

—"The Music Teacher" prize-winning anecdote.

* * * *

An organist had been practising at a strange church for a forthcoming marriage ceremony, when the organ-blower enquired, "Are ye playin' at t' weddin' to-morrow?" and on the answer "Yes," remarked, "Ah thowt so when I heerd ye doin' t' *War March*!"

—"The Music Teacher,"

Cameos.

I.

"OUR MUSICAL FESTIVAL."

THE adjudicator, a curiously inadequate looking individual, mounts the three steps leading on to the platform. The applause, a trifle fitful at its strongest, dies away. There is a stir—mothers clasp their handbags, fathers jingle the money in their pockets. The candidates shiver, giggle, sniff, bite their hankies and nails, hide their blushing faces, or draw in long, deep breaths, as Nature and the Artistic Temperament prompt them. How can one small, meek man discriminate between this galaxy of shining stars?

Why, every candidate knows herself to be brilliant, and the other pupils of her professor to be decidedly above the average. Of course, the piece was atrocious, it didn't give her a chance to show what she could do when her blood was up; still she really *did* play well—such finish. She is quite sure that the adjudicator was impressed with her style, and anyway her frock is always admired. After all, he's a mere man!

The mere man says, as the rustle subsides: "I am a hardened adjudicator, well seasoned in the ways of these so-called Musical-Festivals, but I have never, in the whole of my experience, been called upon to listen through performances on a level with those that we have heard to-night."

Gratified rustle among candidates. He was certainly very appreciative!

"In this class there will be no award."

II.

OVERHEARD NOVEMBER 10TH, 1923.

"Oh, no! I certainly don't suffer from a 'swelled head,' in fact, I've a very poor opinion of my own talent—much too poor—but how she had the nerve to sit down at the piano when I had finished without even having the decency to say, 'I'd rather not play after you'! Well!!!

"Besides, the confidence of the small child, the superb confidence! She actually said to me, when she'd finished the Tschaikovsky, 'My hands don't ache a bit.' Smug little beast!"

"No, I don't think I'll go to golf this afternoon, I've been playing the Greig and my wrists ache."

"Oh, but I forget to tell you—I shan't bother to go in for the competition, it would be a walk over. I've just been talking to the Secretary, and even my Professor says it wouldn't be worth my while. If it had been a *gold* medal, now!"

D. C. A.

Who is it ?

Much interest has been caused by the appearance of the following paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette* :—

“ JAZZ OR BEETHOVEN.

“ A friend of mine who is a doctor of music, a familiar figure at the Royal Academy, and a composer of repute, has carried out a daring and novel experiment. He has been concerned about the phenomenal increase of street musicians, and his objection was that they one and all assumed that the public only wanted jazz or popular music.

“ He made a wager with other friends at the Royal Academy of Music that the passer-by would pay for classical work well interpreted. So he placed a first-class piano on a lorry, and went forth to the City to play. He gave the street crowds Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, and others. The money poured in.

“ He tells me that it was the most profitable day of his life. He made more money out of classical music in the City than he could ever earn by a day's teaching.”

Up to the time of going to press the name of the hero of this episode has not been discovered. Our minds at once flashed to a certain brilliant pianist and wit on the staff who would thoroughly enjoy a lark of this kind, but alas he is not to our knowledge a Doctor of Music. We guessed again. Dr. Greenish? Dr. Shinn? Somehow we had our doots!

Anyhow, if the gallant and talented gentleman made so much by his performance (even more than he could earn by a day's teaching!) will he not repeat his adventure and give another performance, devoting his vast earnings to the Centenary Theatre Fund?

Items of Interest.

Quite a sensation was caused at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concert of October 16th when, during the performance of the *Sarabande and Musette* from “ *Fête Galante*,” conducted by the Composer, Dame Ethel Smyth, a hidden choir began to sing, the voices coming from among the audience. Immediately in every part of the house necks were craned in an effort to discover the owners of the voices. The singers in question were members of the R.A.M. Choir, and had been carefully rehearsed by Mr. Beauchamp. Their instructions were to proceed to the Queen's Hall in everyday attire and mingle freely with the audience, taking care to work their way to the front when the time for their performance drew near. No mention was made on the programme that a choir would be in attendance, so the effect when the voices struck up was both sudden and striking, and an encore was enthusiastically demanded.

* * * *

The Annual Dinner of the Worshipful Company of Musicians took place at Stationers' Hall on Tuesday, October 30th. The musical programme included pianoforte solos by Arthur Sandford, who in July last was awarded the Worshipful Company's Gold Medal as being “ the most distinguished student in the R.A.M.” Songs were contributed by Olive Groves, Ethel Barker, Eric Greene and Roy Henderson, the latter giving the “ Rebel Song ” composed by Arthur Sandford.

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Operettas," &c., &c.

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One of the most interesting programmes arranged by the British Broadcasting Company was that of Monday, October 15th, when a "Mackenzie Night" was given. An augmented orchestra was conducted by Sir Alexander, and the programme included the famous "Scottish" Concerto, beautifully played by Hilda Dederich, the "Crickét on the Hearth" Overture, the Ballet Music from "The Eve of St. John," the first number of the "London Day by Day" Suite, and the "Britannia" Overture.

* * * *

Mr. Charles Phillips gave a very enjoyable Pupils' Recital at Wigmore Hall on July 16th. The "star" of the evening was Harold Williams, who sang "Hear me, ye winds and waves" and "Devotion" (Strauss). Those of Mr. Phillips' R.A.M. pupils who sang were Anita Edwards, Ida Dandridge, Phyllis Norton, Lily Bryan, Marjorie Todd, Maude Boughton and Walter Taylor.

* * * *

An effort is being made to start a Literary and Debating Society, and if all those students who signed their names as being willing to join give their full support and attend regularly—even if they have no desire to join in the debates themselves—the venture should be successful. Mr. Harry Farjeon, Miss Cynthia Cox and Denis Eilan are taking an active interest in the scheme, and details of the first meeting will be announced as early as possible next term.

Personal.

Congratulations to the following, who have been elected Associates:—Dorothy Hogben, Fédora Turnbull, Gladys Chester, Roma Ferguson, Garda Hall, Denise Lassimonne, Désirée MacEwan, Dorothy Pattinson, Roy Russell, Reginald Paul, Russell Chester, and Arthur Temple.

* * * *

The light operatic stage has attracted a number of our R.A.M. "stars." Roy Russell is playing Macheath in the No. 1 Company of "Polly" with great success. John Van Zyl is touring in the No. 1 Company of "Lilac Time," while Manuel Jones and Dorothy Pattinson have recently returned from a tour of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

* * * *

Edward Jones has been playing the parts of "the Footman" and "Cutlace" in the London production of "Polly," understudying at the same time the parts of Macheath and Vanderbluff. It will be a long time before the R.A.M. forgets his performance as Caleb in "The Cricket on the Hearth."

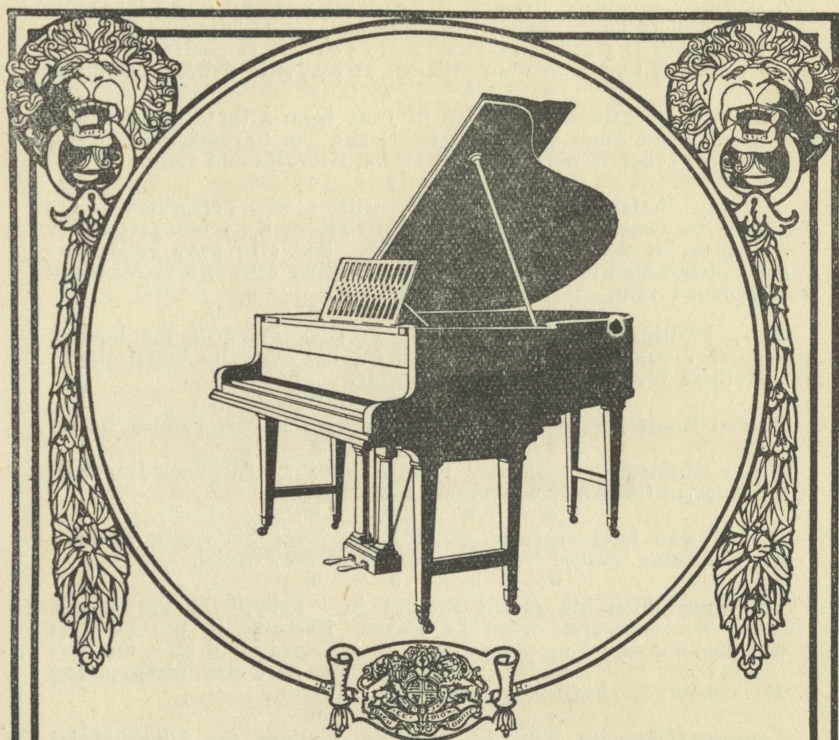
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Etty Landau has been playing in "Brighter London" at the London Hippodrome since the beginning of its run. We were pleased to see her name bracketed with those of Genée and Phyllis Bedells as being well-known dancers appearing at the "Dancing Matinée" held recently at the Gaiety Theatre.

* * * *

Ella Frank has been doing great things in Paris to judge from the following paragraph, which appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" of July 28th:—

"Madame Donalda writes to me from Paris to say that at the prize delivery at the Ecole Normale there the other day, two licenciées were invited to perform before the pupils and professors and a few critics. "Judge my astonishment when Miss Ella Frank, gold medalist R.A.M. (1921), Fred Walker prize-winner there also, rose to sing. Of course, she won all the diplomas the school was capable of awarding. Madame Donalda speaks of the singer's 'fine stage presence and dramatic ability and superb contralto voice.' There is, I have heard, a chance of Miss Frank obtaining an engagement at La Monnaie in Brussels—the scene of many a historic début."



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Congratulations to Betty Impey on gaining the Gold Medal of the Poetry Society at its recent competitions. The test pieces were Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" and Yeats' "Isle of Innisfree." We note that in this competition the first three places were all taken by pupils of Miss Katie Thomas, namely: Betty Impey, 1st, Gladys London, 2nd, and Ida Bennett, 3rd. Miss Thomas, to you our respectful homage! Betty Impey is now Elocution Mistress at Mayville School, Southsea.

* * * *

Roy Ellett returned to London in June from a three months' tour with Miss Maud Allan and MM. Michel and Jan Cerniavsky. Among other places concerts were given at Malta, Gibraltar and Cairo.

* * * *

Dorothy Chalmers was among the artistes who performed at the "Hallowe'en Concert" held at Queen's Hall on October 31st under the auspices of the London Burns Club. She also gave recitals at Wanstead (assisted by Leslie Regan) on October 25th and at Aberdeen on November 13th.

* * * *

Lilly Phillips recently gained the Premier Prize of the London School of Violincello, the test piece being the Marcello Sonata in F. Mr. Herbert Withers was the Adjudicator.

* * * *

Muriel Knott was married on October 23rd to Mr. Sydney Beare.

* * * *

Elena Obratzoff was married to Mr. Leroy L. Elsin on July 20th at the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road.

* * * *

Others who have recently married are Vera Scrivener, Barbara Frost, Stephanie Dolby, Dorothy Capes and May Wood.

* * * *

Following upon his recent success in "Polly," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, when he played Macbeth to the Polly of Miss Lilian Davies, Roy Russell has been engaged to play the part of Menshikoff, in "Catherine." This is the part now being played by Mr. Robert Michaelis, at the Gaiety Theatre.

* * * *

Congratulations to Winifred Buck on winning the Silver Medal of the North London Musical Festival by her rendering of the Dale "Variations."

* * * *

The Phillis Tate String Quartette, consisting of Phillis Tate, Gladys Chester, Constance Richards and John Barbirolli, gave two recitals of Chamber Music in the Ulster Minor Hall, Belfast, on Nov. 20th and 21st. A feature of the Press notices was the emphasis laid on the delightful piano accompaniments of Miss Gladys Chester. (Is this the ninth or the tenth talent?)

Bluebell.

There's a fairy in the bluebell,
I saw a pinkish hue;
That's where her pretty face lies hid,
Quite wet with morning dew.
Let's creep softly to the bluebell,
For if she still is there,
We'll ask her please to tell us how
She curls her golden hair.
The fairy's flown from the bluebell,
But oh! He loves her—see—
His blue is tinged with flushing pink,
He'll die for love. Ah me!

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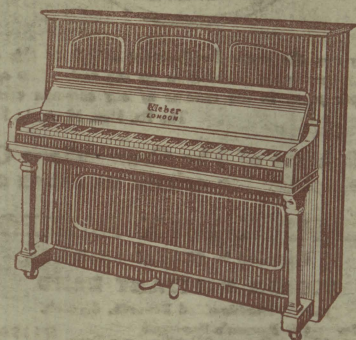
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